

A DAY AT CONGAMOND LAKES.

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ONE hot clear morning in September, Mr. R. W. Woodward and the writer took a train for Congamond, the little station near the Congamond Lakes which are entirely within the town of Southwick, Massachusetts, mostly in that curious little notch extending southward into what would naturally be Connecticut territory, and marking a relic of the boundary in colonial times. The lakes form a practically continuous strip of water, extending for about three miles in a north and south direction, and broken only by two roadways. The width is ordinarily from a quarter to a half mile, but the outlines are quite irregular. In former days the canal boats making the trip between Northampton and New Haven passed through these lakes, which supplied much of the water for the operation of the canal. The state boundary, on the east side of the notch just mentioned, follows the eastern shore of the lakes, so the land adjoining the lakes on that side for about two thirds of their length is in Connecticut, and it was this part that we planned to visit. The country here is a sandy plain, the general level of which is considerably higher than that of the lakes, and in many places this plain extends quite to the shore, forming a kind of sandy bluff. The water of the lakes is clear and blue and there is a fine view from these bluffs, westward across the lakes to the hills of Granby. The beauty of the spot is beginning to be appreciated and in some places many summer cottages fringe the edge of the wooded bluff.

Leaving the train, we followed the highway across the strip of Massachusetts, despised as far as our collecting was concerned, to the causeway, crossing which we were again on good Connecticut soil and ready for work. Turning to the right through an old pasture, we struck the lake and followed the sandy strand southward under a bluff of white and yellow sand. Along the strand were some of the sedges that delight in such a situation: *Cyperus dentatus*, mostly in the sterile form with leaves instead of scales; *Cyperus aristatus*, of which the fragrant specimens are a delight to handle in the herbarium, was occasional, while the dainty button-like tufts of *Hemicarpha* showed here and there on the sand. Before long the bluff ended and a long cove, stretching

back inland, blocked the way. Along the edge of the cove nothing of special interest appeared, but at its upper end, where it took a sharp turn and swung toward an arm of the lake, we found abundance of *Gaylussacia dumosa* — a shrub by no means common in this region — plentifully loaded with fruit. In the rather low old field or pasture, that bordered the end of the cove, was growing *Lycopodium obscurum*, var. *dendroideum*, a little of *L. clavatum*, and much more *L. clavatum*, var. *megastachyon*. A curious variant of this last named variety was found in one colony. Here, mixed in with the normal form, which has spikes borne on long peduncles, were a few individuals with spikes entirely sessile or on very short peduncles, and plants were found having all these forms on the same stem.

Leaving the cove, we turned northward and soon struck a low sand beach on an arm of the lake, where we found *Panicum philadelphicum*. As we moved on, there soon appeared not far from the lake, but not visibly connected with it, a large sphagnum bog. This of course had to be explored, though we found some parts too soft and quaking to venture on. There were the usual plants of the sphagnum bogs of this region, *Picea mariana*, *Vaccinium corymbosum* and *macrocarpon*, *Kalmia angustifolia*, *Xyris caroliniana*, and *Carex trisperma*. The presence of *Andromeda glaucophylla* showed more of a rarity and we decided that this bog should sometime be visited earlier in the season in search of other good things. Leaving the bog, we had, under the trees on the bluff overlooking the lake, the pleasant change of lunch and a little rest after the swamp work. It was so comfortable here that it required an effort to leave, but the bog had taken time and we were far from our planned destination, the state line. We started northward along the lake, passing through sandy woods that here extend to the edge of the lake, with no strand. A little pond in the woods had about its edges *Ilex laevigata* in fine fruit. We soon found a cove that had to be passed by making a circuit inland. At the head of the cove we crossed a pretty, quick-flowing brook, full of *Elodea* in fine condition and covered with flowers. It was surely late in the season for such a state of the plant. We struck out now through the sandy country, with open woods and some barren places, thinking to find the state bounds, but we spent time over a collection of *Lecheas* of which we found several species growing together, and had finally to give up hunting for the boundary stone and turn back for the homeward tramp. It was along the highway this time and in a deserted

field that had not many years before been cultivated that we found an abundance of *Gnaphalium decurrens*, also more Lecheas. At last we were at the causeway again, and we made our way toward the station, stopping for a bite at the little lunch room that must find scant patronage so late in the season. The twilight shadows were falling as we took the train for home, tired, dusty, with full collecting boxes, after a day with the fields, the woods, the water, the sun and the sky. A tiresome and a useless day some might say, but to the friend of the great out-of-doors, one of the days looked forward to with anticipation, looked back upon with pleasure, and that go to make up a part in one of the durable satisfactions of life.

SOUTHINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

A SCIRPUS NEW TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Prof. Fernald has lately identified sheet no. 466 in my herbarium as *Scirpus rubrotinctus* var. *confertus* Fernald, although non-typical. The specimen, collected by myself in wet sphagnum at Sharon, Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, 17 July, 1909, not only adds a new name to the New Hampshire list but seems to afford the first New England record for the variety outside of Maine. The proximity of Sharon to the Massachusetts line suggests that the plant may yet be found in this state.—SIDNEY F. BLAKE, Stoughton, Massachusetts.

[*Scirpus rubrotinctus*, var. *confertus* was collected at Spectacle Pond, Wallingford, Vermont, July 30, 1901 (*W. W. Eggleston*, no. 2527) and in Southington, Connecticut, June 26, 1897 (*C. H. Bissell*). These specimens, recently deposited in the Gray Herbarium, indicate that the variety may be looked for throughout New England.—Ed.]

A NECESSARY CHANGE OF NAME.—Mr. C. E. Faxon of the Arnold Arboretum has called my attention to the fact that Dr. Focke, the well-known German rubiologist, used the word *amabilis* for the name of a rubus a very short time before I used it in 1906 for a plant quite abundant in the Kennebunks and North Berwick, Maine. See RHODORA VIII, 173 (1906). In Gray's New Manual it is mentioned but it is included under *Rubus Canadensis* L. However, my blackberry is not only an elegant and very distinct species differing greatly from